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# HUSTLER'S TABOO®

## JULY/AUGUST 2015


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PIXIE
Painted Lady
PHOTOGRAPHER
CHAS RAY



I know what he likes—bordello lingerie to frame my sweet spots, smoky makeup and the extra touch of applying lipstick to my nipples. I show them off when he arrives. The bulge in his trousers is all the approval I need. While he strips down in the slightly sleazy motel room, I sit in the chair with my legs spread wide so he can enjoy the view, lifting my legs and touching my skyscraper heels together so he can contemplate the use of all three holes.

When he tosses me the fat rubber dildo from his valise, I look him straight in the eye while I grind it all the way to the back of my cunt, making sure it comes out nice and juicy every time I pump it. This is all so dirty I could come from just thinking about it. The actual friction takes me right to the edge where he wants me. He's a bit of a fan of DIY foreplay, lazy bastard. Okay, time to sprawl on the table and open wide. He steps right up, thick and hard and ready, holding me by my rouged nips as he slides all the way in. Pumping away, he reminds me that I'm not just any whore. I'm *his* whore. Now it's a contest to see which of us can make me orgasm harder—him and his bio-dick or me and my dildo. Either way I win. That's the payoff for my labors. I'm a hardworking girl for a man hard enough to appreciate me.















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# STRICTLY SPEAKING

The grand kerfuffle over the impact of *Fifty Shades of Grey* recedes rapidly in the cultural rearview mirror. The world of kink was neither destroyed nor significantly improved by this phenomenon, which proved overall to be pretty short-lived.

What's left behind? Clearly, some married couples were inspired to get a little more experimental in the area of power play. The expected influx of newbies to the world of BDSM did materialize to some degree, though how many will stick around when they discover that cute, kinky billionaires with mommy issues waiting to be saved by the love of an innocent woman aren't common. Others may actually discover a place where they finally fit in.

And certainly a previously unmentionable subject got mentioned in a great many places where it wouldn't have before.

But the nature of that discussion, outside the rarified realm of actual kinksters, wasn't particularly enlightened or constructive. For many, the first dominant man they ever saw fit the stereotype of a fucked-up, controlling stalker engaged in DIY therapy as a result of child abuse. Those are stereotypes many of us have spent years combatting only to see them reinforced by the biggest Hollywood hype our kind of sexuality has ever had—or is ever likely to get.

And it would be foolish to assume that those already hostile to BDSM didn't play to those stereotypes in their critiques. Kink-haters and porn-bashers like Chris Hedges and Gail Dines on the left and James Dobson on the right were all over our TV screens and Twitter feeds howling about the inherently abusive nature of D/s relationships. The battle for public opinion probably moved about as far one way or the other as World War I trench warfare.

All that said, it would still be lovely to see consensual power-exchange sexuality portrayed as something other than pathological. *Gone With the Wind* was a much better movie, but its depiction of the antebellum South was about as accurate. Those who read or saw *FSOG* are no better informed about us than the viewers of *GWTW* were about the realities of slavery—and that's just not good enough.

*—Ernest Greene,*
*Executive Editor*







# A DECADENT DECADE FOR MONTREAL'S FETISH WEEKEND

It was a gala celebration of kink at the tenth annual Montreal Fetish Weekend. For six days perveratti from around the world reveled in showcases of the latest fetish fashion from top designers. Other diversions included a Kink Kabaret built around a pinup theme featuring latex-clad feather dancers, an *anime* and *manga* ball spotlighting Japanese artists and models, and the legendary Fetish Foto Convoy for a busload of costumed kinksters to tour the beautiful city in their full regalia. All preliminaries led up to the climactic mega party on Saturday. This was a night of play like no other, staged in a vast tri-level venue replete with suspension installations, DJs and world-class performances. Play parties rocked nonstop until the late hours in honor of an unforgettable anniversary bash.

PHOTOS BY GERRY KOEHLER



















# CHAIN MAIL

## TABOO READERS RANT AND RAVE

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*Please keep those letters coming!*

*Xxoo Hanna*

## SLAVE RAVES

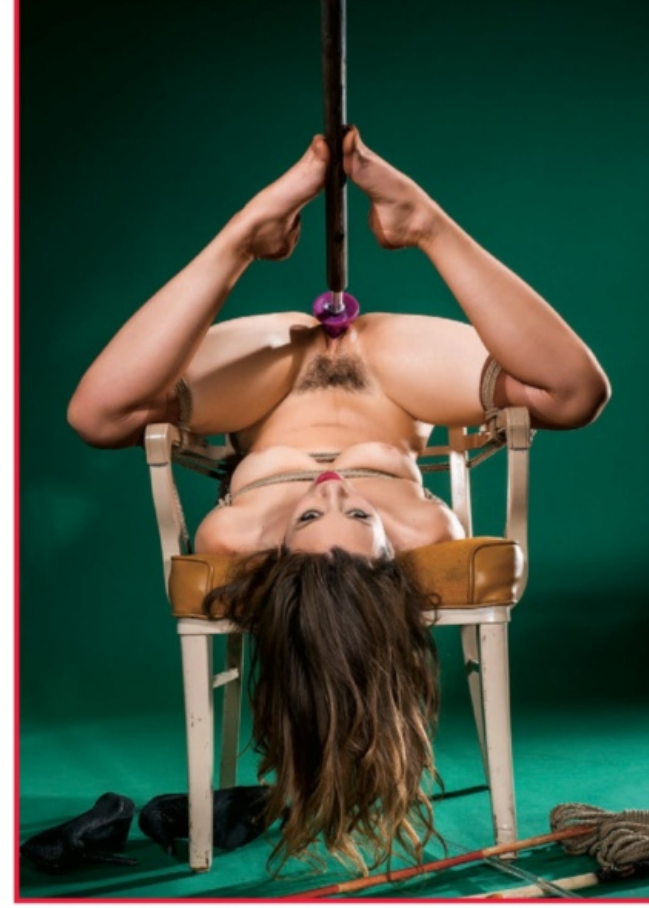
As a female slave who also likes girls myself, I can really appreciate your May/June 2015 pictorial *Alexxa and Lee—No Quarter*. Loved the touch of fornophilia with Alexxa holding up the tabletop for her Master's convenience while he enjoys her alluring ink and piercings before he puts her to work sucking his cock while balancing in her ballet boots. I know just what a challenge that is, and they both rose to the occasion. A little pee play always puts me in my place, and I can relate to Alexxa's look of ecstasy when Lee gives it to her up the ass—which is also my favorite hole—before finishing in her mouth. I was totally envious throughout. Hope Master and I run into this hot couple someday.

***—slave w., Tacoma, Washington***

## JUST DESSERTS

It doesn't get much better than *Whitney—Table Service* (May/June 2015). A truly stunning slave in smoky lingerie and chains serving her master an aperitif and then dining from a dish on the floor at his side may not be every dominant's fantasy, but it sure is mine. A little flogging certainly works up an appetite, and the pièce de résistance of Whitney served up on a plate and garnished with a colorful dildo is the perfect ending to a delectable "spread." Definitely a fine treat in every way.

***—Peter T., Bethesda, Maryland***



## STICK TRICK

I never miss an issue of TABOO. You consistently run the hottest perv pictures around. But if a single image from your May/June 2015 issue qualifies as totally bonerific, it's the shot of Jade *(Jade—Precious Goods)* roped to the chair using her stocking-sheathed feet to fuck herself with a dildo on a long stick. I couldn't help imagining my own "wood" between her nylons. She's obviously a talented girl who knows just what to do when cinched in tight ropes and encouraged with some solid paddling and caning. This is truly fetish at its finest. Thanks for the inspiration.

***—J.F. Samson, Cairo, Illinois***





# URINATION NATION

## FEATURING MISTY

I find Misty in the posh hotel room, prepared just right—angel's face perfectly made up, just a bit of wrapping around her most tender treats for me to strip off, delicate collar around her soft throat. She can't wait to show me how well she's learned to jack me with her wrists tied behind her. Concentrating totally, she sucks dick like it's her only source of nourishment. She's got herself in such a state waiting for me, she's already begging to come. I have to gag her before inserting the multi-pronged Japanese tickler or her screams will get us in trouble. As always, she has to piss after, pleading adoringly for the bowl, using her mouth again to show her gratitude for it, unashamed by the yellow streams spattering on steel.



















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SAMANTHA
TOPIC A
PHOTOGRAPHER
DAVE NAZ













With her vulnerable face and sleek body, Samantha is prime slave meat, but she still needs some tenderizing. She's fine with the stringent robe bondage. She knows she looks hot hogtied in her lingerie, and that's never a bad thing for a slavegirl. As for having her legs spread open while tied to a chair, well, Samantha does know her place. She's already given up ownership of that hole. Of course, she sucks cock as competitively as any of the others. The problem is with that other hole, the little one in back. She'll give it up but not without a lot of crying and whining and begging for some alternatives. Obedient girls just put their faces down and their ass up.

The all-too-easily induced orgasm from a few minutes of didlo pumping is just another thing with which to shame her. It's not like Samantha is any less a slut than the others. She has no more excuse to be picky, as she's reminded while leaking tears of shame with the fat prod roped inside her and still unable to keep from squirming. Still she misses it when it's gone and, rolling back with her high heels in the air, she knows the thick cane won't offer any relief to replace it. The backs of her thighs are Samantha's least-favorite whipping-zone and that's just where the heavy stick lands over and over until she does what's expected. As the blows strike deeper in her soft flesh, Samantha knows what to do. Reaching down to grasp her rear cheeks, she spreads them slowly, opening her tightest socket for the inevitable penetration.
















ELLENA
Suitably Restrained
PHOTOGRAPHER
LEE FORBES



Bondage boots courtesy of Pleaser USA











Summoned to the showroom in full restraints—high, rigid posture collar, tight-laced corset, locking mitts, high ballet boots and ankle hobbles, Ellena's put to the test. Sweat trickles between her bare tits and juice drips from her perfectly symmetrical slit. She struggles to keep her back straight and her balance steady. Her movements are pleasingly graceful, but a good slave is meant for more than mere display. Seated with her legs apart and her arms lifted behind her, she feels skilled fingers manipulate her shaved bits, trying her best not to jingle the tiny bells attached to her tit clamps. She hasn't been given permission to move and doing so would be a bad thing. Still, Ellena's evident need to please doesn't spare her the crop on her tits and thighs. Clearly, he intends to make those bells ring. Ellena's creamy chest shines with sweat by the time he's finished. Sore as her nipples may be, she's glad to be facedown in a hogtie while he whips her haunches, and even happier to have the mitts off so she can masturbate for him. Getting her parts in working order is her job. Ellena presents herself wide and gleaming for his perverse satisfaction.



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*PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEE FORBES*



Alyssa isn't allowed to read her own chart at the very private clinic to which her master has sent her for "a few minor corrective procedures." Though she labors to satisfy and never fails to obey, evidently there's some level of physical response he desires that her body doesn't provide. It doesn't take Alyssa long to realize that "minor procedures" are the kind someone *else* gets. From the moment of her arrival at the anonymous, white-tailed sanitarium every aspect of her regimen is focused on increasing her sensitivity. When not naked, she's poured into some kind of latex outfit that leaves her most vulnerable regions entirely exposed while producing a constant, oily sweat wherever the impervious vulcanized garments adhere to her flesh. She's never unrestrained, heavy institutional cuffs making it easy to attach her however and wherever needed. Between the hormonal cocktail injections and the never-ending parade of stimulating devices to which she's subjected daily, Alyssa is never far from the next orgasm. Unable to touch herself most of the time, she's completely dependent on the capricious staff for relief. Somewhere in the course of her exercises, training sessions and service duties, someone will come to her rescue, though coming always comes with a cost.

Alyssa finds herself actually looking forward to her weekly evaluation in the exam room. Nurse Keira, however, is brusque and severe. Cocooned in her own vulcanized uniform, it's her job to monitor Alyssa's progress, and there's no way to do so without intimacies neither could term dignified.

Strapped to the table with her legs pried wide by the stirrups, she hardly needs Keira's whispered reminder that treatment will be applied whenever and wherever deemed necessary by in-depth examination. Going directly to the highest priority test, Keira slides the thick, cold stainless steel probe up Alyssa's gaping gash. A violent shudder ripples down Alyssa's frame from the frigid intrusion and the urgent need for further filling it inspires. She hasn't had a dry moment since arriving, and by now she seems juicier than she'd ever imagined possible. The irrefutable evidence drips from the instrument when Keira slips it back out after some internal bumping and grinding.

# URGENT CARE

*Fiction by Ernest Greene*









Nevertheless, one can't be too thorough, a motto by which Keira seems to live. After all, there are so many working parts to be evaluated. Alyssa can't keep from looking down as Keira applies the Pennington forceps to each exposed nipple. Kept constantly engorged by Alyssa's circumstances, it takes little pressure to produce shudders of arousal and not much more to extract squeals of lightning-bolt anguish. Each nipple gets several cycles of pinching and releasing before Keira sets the forceps aside to make a note on Alyssa's chart. Something on that chart makes Keira grin, and not in a good way. By now Alyssa's well aware of how much Keira enjoys her work.

The Jennings retractor cranked open between Alyssa's teeth makes her go rigid in her bonds. Nothing good ever happens to a girl who can't shut her mouth. Keira's grin is still in place when she shows Alyssa the hypo. Seems Alyssa's jaws still don't loosen readily enough to accommodate the largest of cocks, so perhaps a dose of muscle relaxant shot into her gum tissue will help. Just to be sure, Keira sticks Alyssa's tender mouth several times, requiring her to look up so Keira can gauge the depth of the injection by the strain on Alyssa's sweating face.

At least Keira provides some distraction, however humiliating, during the process. Knowing that Alyssa's been conditioned for anal orgasms, Keira slides a greasy, knowing latex-clad finger into Alyssa's rectum to take her mind off orifices further north. Alyssa can't conceal how embarrassingly effective Keira's butt tickling is. Despite the searing bite of the needle, Alyssa can't help grinding her hips down to facilitate Keira's access through the wide-open window in Alyssa's latex knickers.

Keira just laughs at the hateful look Alyssa shoots her when the final injection jabs a particularly active nerve bundle. She'll be adjusting Alyssa's attitude soon enough. First, an internal assessment is needed.

Embarrassingly aware of the clitoral enlargement produced by twice-daily pumping, Alyssa knows she can't resist the gloved fingers playing with it as the speculum cranks her open ever wider. As if she weren't wet enough in there already, Keira rudely spits into the freshly stretched hole for good measure. Keira can take whatever liberties she likes, the raunchier the better. It's a perk of the job at a place like this. The luscious pinkness of Alyssa's inner territories brings out the worst in Keira.

A sudden gasp when Keira presses up against the back of Alyssa's bladder from inside confirms that her charge has been properly hydrated, and nervous as she is, must desperately desire to piss. This could be arranged, of course, what with a portable toilet just a couple of feet away from the table, but nothing comes easily—except the girls.

It's just too much trouble to unstrap her, so Keira offers Alyssa a choice of pissing herself or elevating her hips and making her best try at hitting the toilet from where she is. The pressure in Alyssa's plumbing is so high she's sure she can do it, though she'll have to clean up whatever mess she makes in the attempt. Nevertheless, carefully angling her hips, she lets loose a great arcing plume of yellow fluid. Alyssa can't quite suppress a smile at the sound of the droplets landing in the pan. Even Keira is impressed. She's seldom had a patient so responsive to treatment.

Just a little mopping up and Alyssa's ready for the next phase. No purging by half-measures for Alyssa. At least Keira does some of her expert glove-work on Alyssa's hard, swollen button while plugging the fat nozzle into the bound girl's anus. It's settled in there solidly before the valve is opened and the hot liquid from the red bag floods in. The heat of the solution isn't pleasant, but Alyssa's learned the hard way that the cramps would be worse if it were colder. Laid out flat, she watches her own belly distend as the bag empties, aided by Keira's squeezing.

Alyssa will have to retain the contents for a good ten minutes, but she'll have some distraction in the form of Keira's face-sitting during the interval. It's not easy to concentrate with her ass-guts churning, but Alyssa takes a slave's pride in her oral skills, lapping and sucking and tonguing Keira from below. Keira may be a bitch, but she's certainly tasty. Nice and nasty too. She throws back her head and shakes when Alyssa's tongue finds its way into Keira's tight little pucker. Alyssa isn't the only perv in this cubicle.

Once Keira's dizziness passes and she regains her professional demeanor, she rewards Alyssa's compliance with a much-needed expulsion into the toilet. It feels so good Alyssa could almost climax from it, but then, at this point, Alyssa could probably get off from a minor change in barometric pressure. Every inch of her is always hot, always greased, always ready. That's what she's been told repeatedly she's meant to be.

As it turns out, she's due for something much better than that. They've been dilating her tailpipe with ever-larger plugs since her arrival, and the exam is always completed with a rigorous test of Alyssa's anal slut progress. It's all simply part of the therapeutic regime, of course. Both girls keep up the pretense of their respective roles, but the glint in Keira's eye as she buckles up the big, curved strap-on gives her away. They both like this part, and what happens behind the white cur-









tain stays behind the white curtain.

No one's there to see Alyssa, now momentarily freed from rigid confinement, reaching back to guide Keira's tool to the tight target. By now, Alyssa responds to anal penetration just the way she responds to a cock down her throat or deep in her cunt. Penetration is penetration, and she's come to love it all. In fact, she loves to come from it all.

She grips Keira's wrist from below while the dildo slowly straightens the curve of Alyssa's colon. Keira never hurries, gliding effortlessly in and out of the well-oiled tunnel while Alyssa's breathing quickens and the sweat pools under the impermeable latex hugging both their bodies.

Will Keira accept a suggestion from Alyssa? Why not at least hear it out? Keira isn't surprised to find that it's nicely wicked. Swapping positions, she lies back on the table so Alyssa can climb on top. Very impressive, the way this girl has learned to impale her own gape in a single, smooth motion. Keira can feel the quaking of Alyssa's body in her lap as they rise and fall in rhythm. With each stroke, Alyssa comes down harder, swirling around to heighten the friction. Keira tweaks and torments Alyssa's throbbing clit while grinding away from underneath. It won't be long before the chamber's white tiles echo with Alyssa's pleas for a real orgasm.

Keira has no reason to deny her the privilege. After all, isn't this the very effect the treatment is meant to produce? It will be duly noted on Alyssa's chart, along with a recommendation to keep her at the clinic for at least another two weeks. Clearly, the procedures are working for both of them, so why end the process prematurely? By the time Alyssa is returned to her master, the clinic's guarantee of complete satisfaction will have been fulfilled for all concerned.










ALEXIS
SCHEDULED MAINTENANCE
PHOTOGRAPHER
LIGHTWORSHIP





Every so often, Alexis has to visit the garage. It's not her car that needs lubing. The service manager gives a whole new meaning to his job title. His strong hands grip her tits while he cranks the tweakers onto her bulging nipples. Alexis can't help rubbing her butt against the hardness beneath in coveralls, and she's not surprised to find herself roped naked to a high pile of heavy tires. He always gives gleaming flesh a nice, thorough grease-job before he gets to work with the stick. Innocent as she looks, Alexis needs a good, hard whacking before she really wets up. The stinging cane bites her ass-flesh, making her ever so ready to lie back, arched up on a pile of rubber tread while he ropes her wrists and ankles to the steel wheels. A practical-minded mechanic, he rigs her at just the right angle for easy entry. Slick as she is inside, Alexis couldn't keep him out even if she wanted to. After a noisy orgasm or two, he deftly flips her over and makes sure her rear chassis is just as well oiled. Never lacking in the right tools for the task, he whips out the dental jaw spreader and props Alexis's choppers wide for an easy draining of his crankcase. Of course, she'll have to swing off the floor in tight ropes with a dick on a stick probing her insides until he's refilled and ready to give her another filling, but that's what she expects of a man who takes pride in his labor.


DISCOVERER STT
COOPER











# SUBSPACE

***PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDRE BAYLOCK***

*TABOO'S SubSpace* is devoted to the experiences, questions and concerns of submissive women and the men (and women) who love them. In our continuing effort to give voices and faces to the love slaves of our dreams, we provide this forum for fem-sub BDSM players to share their most intimate secrets with TABOO readers. This month, XXX superstar Nina Hartley, who enthusiastically participates in BDSM play as both Domme and sub, offers her advice. She welcomes readers' queries for future installments.





No matter how you arrive at the Land of Kink your experiences will be much different than your fantasies, and you'll be dealing with real people instead of figments of your imagination. With that in mind, here are some things a submissive woman should know before jumping into the deep end of BDSM play and D/s relationships.

Education is key, so I recommend you read widely. There's a lot of good instructional material on the subject out there (none of which has the number *fifty* in the title). There is good information online—but beware: There's also a huge amount of *misinformation* on the Web. Do your homework, then make it out to local, public, in-person educational events or munches (meetings at restaurants for socializing and introductions) sponsored by kink organizations in your area. As in any social gathering, you are responsible for owning your feelings and communicating them honestly. When you're new to the community, there will be intense interest in you. Many doms and wannabes will come out of the woodwork hoping to be the one to "introduce" you to the ropes. The attention is flattering, and it's hard to sort out the asshats who'll take advantage from the ethical guys who really do want you to have a good time and be safe. Listen to your intuition, and don't let anyone guilt you into overriding it. My introduction was ideal. My first partner had a lot of practice, strong ethics and good boundaries. When I asked to experience a flogger or a riding crop, he obliged and never, even once, tried to make it into something "more." Long story short, he is now my husband and Master of 15 years.

It's up to you to vet any potential playmate, which is why online hookups are not advised. At a munch, party or class, ask around about any man who's offering to play with you. If one person says he's a dick, he or she might have a personal issue with him. If *three* different people say he's a dick, they're likely correct, and you should politely decline the invitation. "No" means "no," and you're not obligated to offer reasons. If he pushes back, you have your answer: He's a dick. Avoid him.

If you do decide to go further with a man, meet in public first to speak honestly about your level of experience, limits (hard and soft), desires and interests. You won't find a partner who will fit all of your fantasies, but the more your Venn diagrams of sexuality overlap, the greater the chance of a good connection if you do decide to play. Every kinky person is different, and mutual physical attraction isn't the only thing that needs to align for you to have a good time together.

The need for honesty cannot be overstated. If you require a romantic or exclusive relationship in order to fuck, say so upfront to avoid any misunderstandings later. Ditto if you're only looking for a good time with multiple partners. Everyone seeks different things out of D/s, so it's imperative that *you* know why you're there and what you hope to get out of it.

Before being alone with anyone, as opposed to playing in public at a party, set up a safe call with a trusted friend. Let him or her know where you'll be, with whom, and when they can expect a call from you saying you're home safe and sound. Most kink players are honest people, but I'd be lying if I said that predators didn't exist in the community. If it makes you feel better, have a friend drop you off and pick you up when you're done.

Before you do anything with anyone, in public or in private, agree on a safe word. The usual ones are "yellow," for "slow down and check in with me," and "red," meaning "stop now!" Use your safe words for both physical and emotional discomfort. If your ankle is hurting because the rope is too tight, you won't be in the moment and it will be a waste of time. If a partner says, "It's supposed to feel that way," you know he's playing from ego and you should call the scene and leave.

It's important to know if fucking/genital contact is part of what you want in an early BDSM situation. You might prefer to be naked when trying certain things out for the first time, and *you* might not be thinking of sex just because you're naked, but your partner might be. When you set limits, be explicit: "Penetration with toys is fine, but I'm not comfortable with fucking." Or, "Blowjobs are good, but don't come in my mouth." Or, "It's hot if you masturbate, but I'm not down for screwing." Your limits are yours to set and yours to enforce in private, where there won't be DMs to look after you. If a playmate crosses the line of your agreement, call the scene, leave and lose his number. Give no one a second chance to be a dick.

Never forget that D/s is a dance between equals. Your feelings matter as much as his. "Submit" is a verb and "doormat" is a noun. Don't be a doormat, and don't put up with anyone giving you grief for expressing your opinions, desires or boundaries. In return, don't judge if his boundaries and desires don't mesh with yours. One woman's offal is another woman's filet mignon.

As you gain more experience you'll naturally gravitate toward certain playmates or behaviors. You may prefer the complexity of rope bondage and thuddy sensation of floggers, or you might be drawn to the ease of cuffs and the adrenaline rush of a stingy cane. You'll figure out what pulls you in or repels you. Watch others play first, if possible, and seek out those most compatible with you, if they're unattached or in an open relationship. Just because you're submissive doesn't mean you can't take the initiative.

In short, arm yourself with information and self-awareness, good communication skills, and a healthy desire to have fun and meet new people. Enjoy yourself, stay safe and welcome to the party!





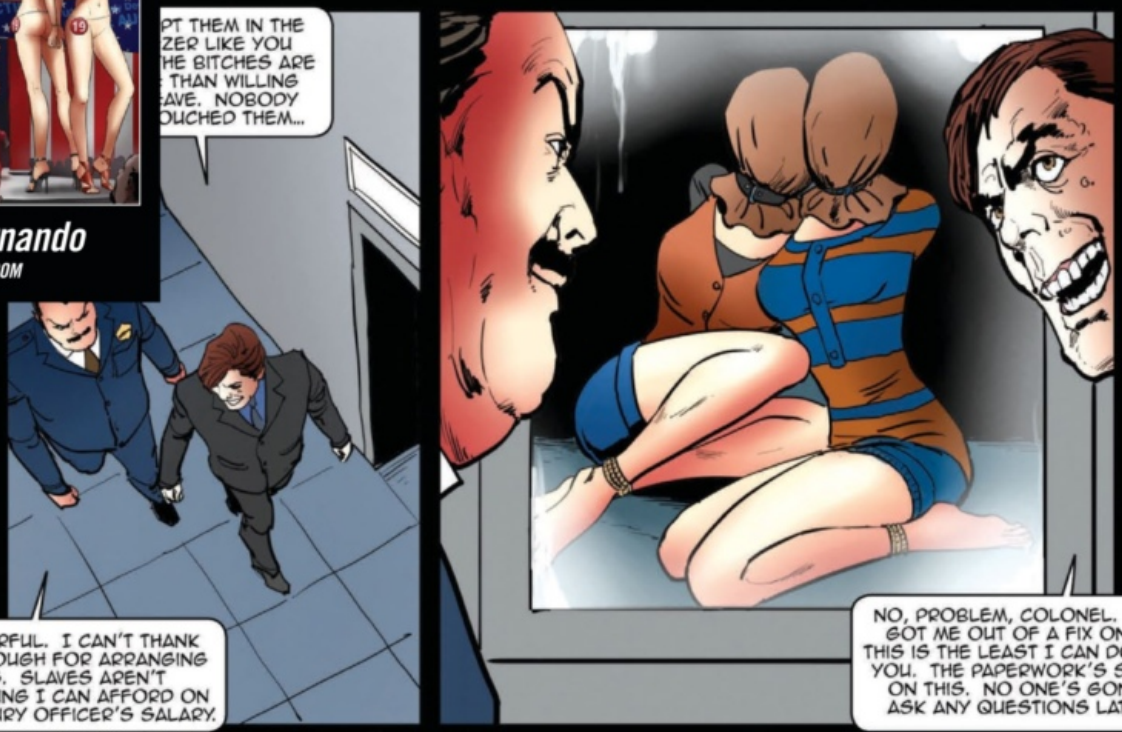
# CONFISCATED TWINS AUCTIONED!




by Fernando

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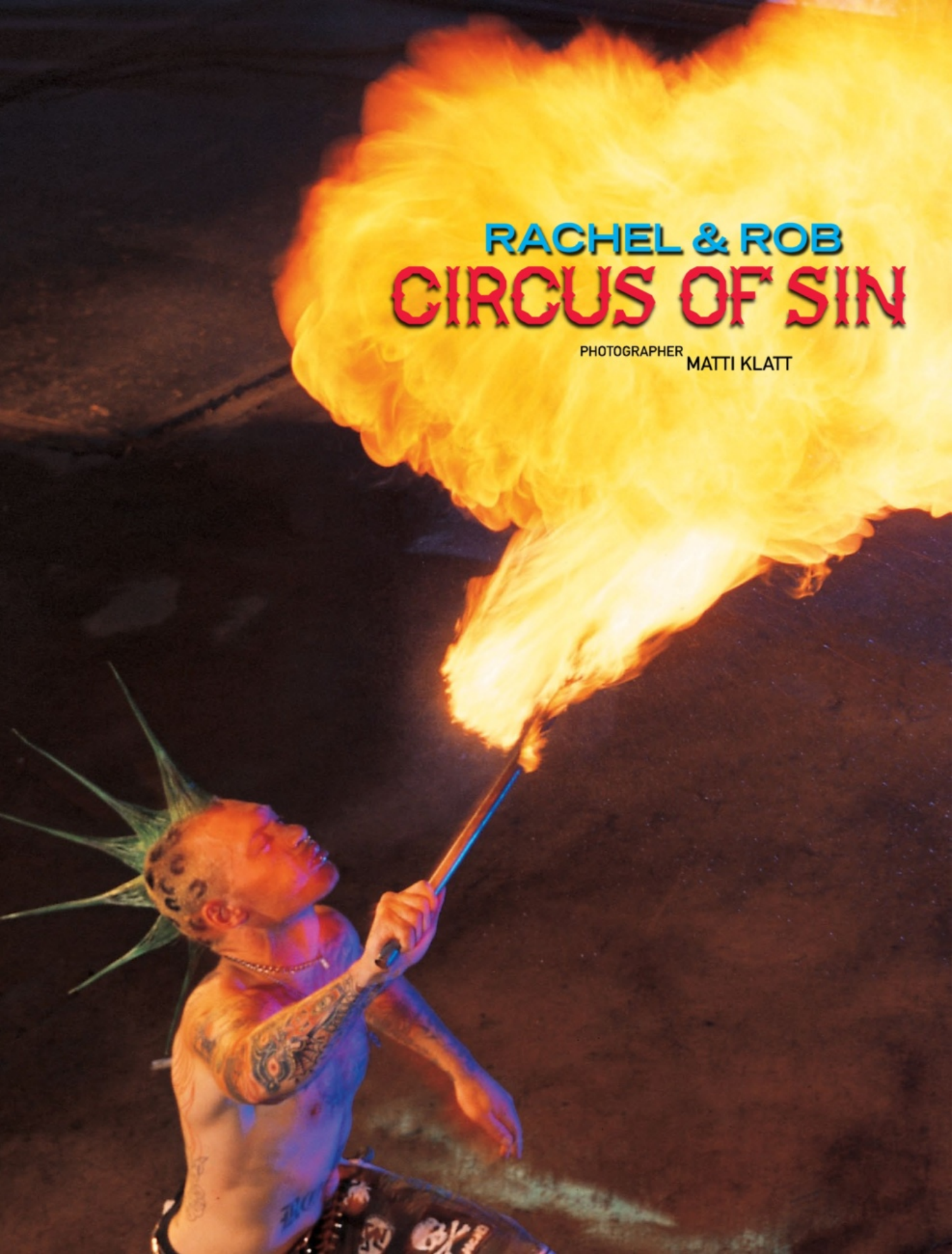






LATER THAT DAY, AT THE MURPHY RESIDENCE...
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!!!
AWWW.... MOM, YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO!
MY SON DESERVES THE BEST ON HIS BIRTHDAY, DON'T YOU, DEAR?
19
OH, ABSOLUTELY. NOTHING BUT THE BEST.
HERE YOU GO, SON. THE KEYS TO YOUR BIRTHDAY GIFT.
OH, COOL, DAD. A CAR! IS IT IN THE GARAGE? I DIDN'T SEE IT IN THE ALLEY!
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, SON. IT'S NOT A CAR. YOU'LL GET MORE MILEAGE OUT OF THIS THAN ANY CAR! TRUST ME!



# RACHEL & ROB
# CIRCUS OF SIN

PHOTOGRAPHER MATTI KLATT





You have to know somebody who knows somebody to gain entrance to the very private show out in the middle of the desert, but it's worth the drive to see Rob and Rachel do their act. The luscious Rachel's more than just another pretty kinkstress. Hanging from her trapeze, she teases and taunts her heavily inked partner until he blows off the built-up heat with a burst of flaming alcohol spat at Rachel's swinging undercarriage. When she's wet enough to extinguish the blast, Rob moves in from below to open her up and bury his face in her sopping depths.

Rachel slides down to tease him with her tits and suck his rigid cock; then she shows off a few tricks of her own. Her limber frame sinuously glides down along his legs as he lies on the concrete so she can impale herself on his stiff staff as visibly as possible. Rocking her big clit against this upright lance, she throws back her head and howls out her climax. Scarcely taking time to catch her breath, she jumps back up on the trapeze and swings upside down with his cock in her mouth. When he's at his hardest, she slips down to bend over and take him effortlessly up her ass before presenting her tits for a hot frosting. The silent crowd jumps up, cheering and clapping. They'll be back for more next week. Meantime, Rob and Rachel can rehearse newer and even more licentious acts in private.








BURNT
CANCER









# IN THE NEXT ISSUE

## HUSTLER'S TABOO®





Madison doesn't know the meaning of shame, but they're doing their best to teach her. She dared them to prove they could. Squatting in the dirt, nipples aching from the clamps and from all their groping and pinching, she still arches out defiantly to spray her streams of pent-up piss as high and as far as possible. Let them watch while they jerk off and ponder who should use which of her holes first. She could easily get these guys off with her hands and feet but not before they give her the good fucking she's been promised.

The chair sits in the corner of a barren room. One by one, the applicants are led in and seated. Some are bound, naked or mostly so, with their working parts easily accessible. When not gagged, they'll be asked probing questions, and sometimes probed in other ways. Each has the ambition to serve, but it's buyer's choice at this echelon and they know it. Some girl is going to get very lucky. Which one will it be?

You'll meet many lash-loving lasses and view a parade of bound babes between good reads including sizzling fiction, direct reports, from around the world of kink and the kind of advice regarding esoteric sexual desires you won't get anywhere else. This is TABOO—and it's all yours just in time for Halloween, our favorite holiday.

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